THE SILENT MARCH.

When the march begins in the morning
And the heart and the foot are light,
When the flags are all a-flutter
And the world is gay and bright,
When the bugles lead the column
And the drums are proud in the van,
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward, march!
Ah! let him lag who can!

For it's easy to march to music
With your comrades all in line,
And you don't get tired, you feel inspired,
And life is a draught divine.

When the march drags on at evening
And the color-bearer's gone,
When the merry strains are silent
That piped so brave to the dawn,
When you miss the dear old fellows
Who started out with you,
When it's stubborn and sturdy, forward, march!
Though the ragged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence,
And the road has lonesome grown,
And life is a bitter cup to drink,
But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shirk,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work.
We must march when the music cheers us,
March when the strains are dumb,
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The strong man keeps the pace,
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Chicago Interior.

THE LEAD PENCIL.

IF my wife has a failure it is lack of reverence. She doesn't recognize those property rights which should inhere to the personal belongings of a husband. I got the expression at a meeting of the Spartan Reform Club, and it struck me as being good. If I remember right it was uttered by a fellow with a chronic distaste for work, whose wife supported him by dressmaking. I didn't tell Millie where I got the expression when I quoted it to her, but she immediately said:

"That sounds like Jeff Sinks."

Then she laughed. My wife has a very musical laugh.

I think I was mildly reprimanding her at the time for mislaying the gimlet. I'm the most particular fellow you ever saw about keeping everything in its place. When I want a tool of any kind I want to know just where to lay my hands on it. It's a kind of religion with me, and it hurts me terribly to find things in confusion. That's where my wife's lack of reverence comes in. She has no respect for my eleventh commandment—order is heaven's first law.

It isn't alone gimlets, it is hammers and screw-drivers, and knives, and Lord knows what all. Why, she has even tampered with my razors!

I offered to buy her a razor of her own the last time she meddled with mine, but she said she guessed we didn't really need but one in the house. What can you do with such a woman?

Well, now as you understand my wife's failing—I'll admit it's her greatest one—I'll go on with my story with which it is connected.

One day last July, Jim Outhwick came into the station just as I was closing up to go to supper. Jim is the paymaster at the Vulcan Mills, and a right good fellow.

"Hello, Joe," he says; "all alone?"

"Yes," I said; "what's up?"

He flung a canvas grip on the table and said:

"I must go down the road to-night to Ashville. There's talk of a strike among the miners, and I've got to be on hand first thing in the morning. I'm to offer to pay off the disaffected ones and make a big show of my money. That's a bluff that generally goes. The boys'll make up their minds the company can't be scared, and they'll get into line again. There's twenty-six thousand dollars in that bag, Joe."

I looked at the bag on the table and looked back at Jim.

"What do you bring it here for?" I says.

"That's easily explained," he answered.

"I got word to start for Ashville just half an hour ago. The money was made up in a hurry and I didn't have time to go home. I couldn't very well stay at the mill, and I wouldn't go to the tavern. So I just thought I'd come down here and get you to stay with me until the night freight comes along. She's due at nine-thirty, isn't she?"

"Nine thirty-five," I answered. "But I'm just off for supper."

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I feel safe enough here. I'm armed to the teeth, you know, and there wouldn't be any danger until after dark. But you'll come back and keep me company, won't you?"

"I will if Minnie lets me off," I said. "I'm booked for cribbage with her after supper."

"You tell Minnie I'll bring her the prettiest cribbage board in Ashville if she'll lend you for a couple of hours," laughed Jim.

There was a stout old safe in the corner of the office that had nothing in it but blank way bills and reports. I unlocked it and tossed the canvas bag inside.

"There," I said, as I thrust my bunch of keys in my sack coat pocket, "that makes it a little safer."

I thought Jim looked a bit dubious over this precaution, but he laughed and said: "All right, my boy. I'll make myself comfortable until you come back."

Minnie didn't want me to go out one bit, but I told her Jim counted on me. I didn't say a word about the money, however: I knew it would worry her, and, to tell the truth, it worried me a little. I was sorry Jim brought it there, and I didn't like his talk about precautions.

Well, after supper I went out to see if the dog was all right—I've got the finest mastiff in the State—and when I came back Minnie called to me from the sitting-room,—

"Just a minute, Joe; I'm writing a note for Hattie."

Hattie is the wife of the telegraph operator, and I knew that Minnie wanted me to leave it at the station, where he could get it in the morning. It was quite a number of minutes, however, before she came out with the note, and my vest and coat. It was so warm I had left them off before supper.

"Hadn't you better let the dog go with you, Joe?" she asked, as she helped me with my coat.

"No, no," I said, laughing, "he'll stay home and take care of you. I'll put the lamp in the window, though, so you'll know I'm all right." That was a great joke of ours, but Minnie didn't laugh as she usually did.

"Mind," she said, "I'll watch for it, and if it isn't there, I'll come down after you."

I'm station master at Y——. Our road is what's called the old line, and travel on it is light, mostly freight. At night the station is deserted, there being no business for either telegraph operator or ticket agent. This leaves the station practically deserted after sundown. It is only a few rods from our home, however, and I feel that it's under my eye all the time. I thought of this as I walked back to the station and I didn't half like the idea of all that money being about.

I found Jim with his heels on the desk, puffing away at a good cigar.

"Not an alarm," he said, in his joking way. "Not even a mouse."

We chatted away for an hour or more, when Jim suddenly put down his feet and yawned heavily.

"Joe," he said, "if you don't mind I'll go out and take a little stroll."

"Go ahead," I said, "but mind you're not gone long."

After he had stepped out I was sorry I let him go. The thought of being alone with all that money was disquieting. I followed him to the door and looked out. It was a bright night and I saw Jim slip around the corner. I knew he was after a drink. That was Jim's failing. That and gambling.

I went back and sat down. The more I thought about that money the more I didn't like the idea. What business had Jim to go away and leave all the responsibility with me? Of course, he didn't leave it all with me, but he left altogether too big a share. A I sat there grumbling a low tap on the window overlooking the platform attracted my attention. I looked up. The side of the building was in the shadow, but I could see a man's face against the pane.

"Joe," said somebody outside. I supposed it might be one of the section hands and stepped across the room.

"What is it?" I called.

"Open the window, Joe," said the voice.

I pushed it up a little.

"Is that you, Jerry?" I called.

There was no response. I put my head through the opening and looked up and down the line. Nobody was in sight. Jut then I heard a slight noise behind me. I drew in my head. Something seemed to crash into my brain. A flash of blinding light blinded me. Then all was dark.

When I came to I was tied in my chair, my head was sore and wet, and two men with strips of black cloth across their faces were looking down at me.

"He's all right," said the shorter man. The tall man nodded.

"Get the keys," he said in a queer, hoarse voice.

The shorter man felt in my pockets.

"Not here!" he cried.

"They must be," said the tall man, in his hoarse voice.

"I tell you they are not. Bring the lamp."

The tall man took the lamp from the window ledge and came closer to me. But their search was in vain. The tall man placed the lamp on the table, while the other man put a revolver to my ear.

"Come!" he said, "where are those keys?"

My head was beginning to clear a little. I saw it all. My wife had taken the keys from my pocket because it was her way, and because she thought I had no further use for them until morning.

"He must have left the keys at home," said the tall man hurriedly. "Here, give him a sheet of paper and let him write a note to his wife, asking for them. The short man looked up sharply.

"I'll get them," said the tall man.

They pulled the table up to me and spread out a scrap of paper. The short man loosened the rope and let my right hand free. I reached to my vest pocket half blindly and drew out my pencil. Still in a daze, I tried to put my wife's name on the sheet. The pencil refused to make a mark. I looked at it. It was dull and horribly haggled about the point. I pride myself on the fine point I put to my pencils. Again I comprehended that my wife had borrowed that very pencil to write the note to the operator's wife. I tried to scribble with the blunted thing.

"Curse you, hurry!" growled the short ruffian.

I showed the pencil point. With an exclamation of anger the short man drew out a heavy-handled knife and swiftly sharpened the pencil. As he passed it back my wandering vision was caught by the lamp on the table. Heavens! it was no longer in the window! As this thought struck me I looked towards the ledge and saw there a white, scared face pressed against the pane. It was my wife.

"Write!" growled the short ruffian.

My only thought was to gain time. I knew my wife was there. I knew she would bring help.

I took the pencil in my nerveless fingers. As I did so a low growl caught my ear. It caught the ears of the villains, too. The short man dropped his knife on the table and turned towards the door with his revolver extended. The tall man drew himself up against the wall.

"It's the dog," he hoarsely whispered. "Shoot to kill, Jack."

I saw the door tremble a little, I saw the short villian's arm raised and my fingers closed on the handle of the knife he had just dropped. Then as the door slowly opened I drew back my arm and thrust wildly at the man in front of me. Something yellow flew through the doorway, there was a wild scream, a heavy fall and I lapsed into unconsciousness again.

When I came around I was in bed at home, with Minnie bending over me.

"It's all right, Joe," she murmured, "they've got them both locked up safe and sound, and the money is all right, and the mill directors have given you one thousand dollars of it."

"And Jim?" I asked.

"Jim?" she cried. "Why Jim was the tall man. It was all his plot to steal the money and throw the blame on you. And if I hadn't taken your keys—don't scold—they'd have had the money, and if it hadn't been for the lead pencil I dulled—the man you stabbed told the whole story—I wouldn't have got there in time with Hector. The dog almost killed Jim before I could call him away, but I ain't so sorry, because the little man says they would have killed you if you had by any chance suspected Jim's identity."

I reached out and took Minnie's hand.

"That thousand dollars belongs to you, dear," I said brokenly.

"Well," she answered, "if you take it, Joe, you may rest assured I'll borrow it sooner or later."

Then she put her cheek against my hand and laughed.

Then she cried.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Victoria Christened From a Golden Font.

James Cassidy writes of the "Girlhood Days of England's Queen" for St. Nicholas. Mr. Cassidy says of Queen Victoria:

When the child was a few months old she was christened; and the chrising was a very grand affair. No common marble or stone font was used; a gold font was thought necessary. And so a gold font was brought from the Tower of London, where it had been kept for safety.

One of the sponsors was Czar Alexander of Russia; and hence it was that the name chosen for the baby was Alexandrina Victoria, the second name being that of her mother.

A fine, healthy, lively child, with blue eyes and fair hair, was the Princess, and it seems she suffered little from the trials of infancy.

"Slumming."

"Slumming" in the East End of London has been revived as a fashionable amusement, and the arrangements for personally conducted trips are managed by an agency.

She Shot Ten Turks.

A little Greek peasant girl was wounded at the battle of Cardlitza while fighting side by side with her brother. When her brother was called out to the war, she, having nowhere to go, accompanied him. She thinks she shot about ten Turks before being wounded herself.

The Pearls of an Empress.

An interesting story is told concerning some of the jewels belonging to the Empress of Germany. She owns a very fine necklace, made of large pearls, well matched in size and singularly pure in color. The necklace, however, had been laid aside for some time from the light and air, and as a natural result the color of the pearls had suffered considerably. In fact, when the Empress took out her necklace it was so discolored that she found she could not possibly wear it in its then condition. The court jeweler, when appealed to, gave it as his opinion that nothing would restore the pristine purity of the pearls except a very long immersion in the sea. A glass case was accordingly made, with holes in it to admit the water, the pearls were deposited in it, and it was sunk "fall fathoms five" in the waters of the North Sea. The spot chosen is close to the shore, and it is said that sentries are on duty night and day.

The American Heiress Drain.

It is estimated that American heiresses pay annually to foreign titled fortune-hunters the aggregate sum of $30,000,000 to induce the titled foreigners to marry them. Referring to this evil one of the United States Senators, in a speech on the floor of the Senate the other day, compared such American heiresses to "heifers fattened for the foreign market"—that is to say, fattened with their fathers' millions, which makes them attractive in the eyes of their aristocratic lords. So prevalent has become the fashion of rich American women marrying foreigners that the last New York Legislature felt constrained to pass a law to protect such women and their heirs from the disposition of their husbands to grab everything they possess. This law provides that any woman born a citizen of the United States, who shall have married or shall marry an alien, and the foreign-born children and descendants of any such woman shall, notwithstanding her or their residence or birth in a foreign country, be entitled to take, hold, convey and devise real property situated within the State of New York. Under this law, if New York heiresses will leave the bulk of their property at home when they marry abroad, they will be able to control it, and will thus be able to command good treatment from their respective spouses. When a foreign fortune-hunter gets the woman and her property into his own control the result is usually much misery for the American woman, as the numerous separations and lawsuits growing out of international marriages testify.

It would be better if the American heiresses would marry Americans and save the $30,000,000 drain; but as there are many who prefer foreigners, it is well that our laws should offer them such protection as is possible from the result of their folly.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Women Cyclists in Paris.

Among women cyclists in Paris there are three distinct styles in dress—the French, the English, and the American. The French women wear bloomers. Not light knickerbockers, but bloomers cut very full at the knee, growing more scant toward the waist. This gives them the look, when a girl is standing or walking, almost of a skirt. When these are perfectly made, and worn by a petite little person, they are very jaunty. But they are too often "home-made," and all the figures, even of French women, are not perfect. The general average of bicycle suits worn by the "best dressed women on earth" are what we would call "frights." A correspondent tells of a young French girl, in the Bois de Boulogne, who watched the cyclists speeding by. She would say: "Those are English; those others are French; these two are Americans." "But how can you tell?" she was asked. "It is easy enough," she said; "watch, and you will see for yourself. There come to long, flopping dresses. Look how red those girls are in the face, how tired they look. They are English. Look how low they have their saddles, and how far back from the pedals they sit. English women all ride a bicycle as if they were ashamed of it and had only half got their own consent to do it. They wear their long street-dresses the regular width, and then they encumber their machines with guards enough to sink a boat in order to keep their dresses out of the wheels. If they were not as strong as animals, it would kill them, they make such hard work of it. Here come two Americans," she continued; "see how straight they sit over the pedals and how high their saddles and handlebars are. They ride like the wind and are so independent. Look at their short, neat skirts and tailor jackets. Look at their fresh shirt-waists and bright ties. But look at the heavy leather leggings they have on. That is the only silly thing the Americans do, I think." Frenchwomen not only do not wear leggings, but they very commonly wear some kind of fancy colored stockings with their low shoes. A French woman can do this, however, and not be as conspicuous as would an American, for reasons anatomical. The American woman buying her hose in Paris learns to look out for elastic ones, or else has the embarrassment of calling for out-sizes.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Fashion Notes.

A gray feather boa is one of the necessities of fashionable outfit just at present.

Long, narrow envelopes are taking the place of the square ones for weddings and other invitations.

Striking novelties in writing paper are plaided, blocked and brocaded in elaborate fashion. Pale tints are also fashionable in blue, gray, pink and cream.

A skilful needlewoman can make collars from a pattern collar with very little trouble, with one or more interlinings of cotton according to the stiffness desired.

A homespun wool material is a new weave, very loose and thin like grenadine, is in the market. It comes in stripes and is made up over the inevitable taffeta silk lining.

Swiss embroidered muslin of the finest kind is made up into dainty summer gowns over silk linings, and pretty figured lawns are tucked from the knee to the deep hem as they were years ago.

Transparent effects play a large part in summer millinery, and mull, chiffon, net and tulle are shirred into the prettiest-shaped hats, with both lightness in color and weight to recommend them to favor.

Metered Heat.

We are all familiar with water, gas and electricity being measured for our consumption by means of meters, but the supplying of heat through pipes and meters is rather a novel scheme to most of us. In Harrisburg, Penn., a company distributes through some three miles of asbestus covered pipe, varying in size from three inches to a foot, heat for warming purposes to many residents and business houses, at a cost not exceeding that of ordinary house heating, to say nothing of the discomfort of making fires, attending to furnaces, bringing in fuel and taking out ashes. This heat is steam and is metered out to each consumer; the charges being from three dollars to three dollars and fifty cents per thousand cubic feet of space warmed. The steam is distributed at only twenty pounds pressure, and the heat can be as readily regulated as the flow of gas.

The plant is on the Holly system, and represents twelve hundred horse power. The service is available from the first chilly autumn day until the warm days of summer, and is not only economical and satisfactory to the consumers, but said to be very profitable to the supplying companies. There is no doubt that our ordinary system of domestic heating is not only grossly extravagant and uncomfortable, and that in large cities such commercial heating plants must prove highly remunerative to the investors.

To Make Wolf Kill Wolf.

A Western genius has made a discovery which, if all that he claims for it be true, will settle the coyote and wolf question for all time. The discovery consists of a yellowish-brown liquid. The mode of extermination is to trap a wolf or coyote alive and inject three drops of the fluid beneath the skin. This operation is repeated three times in twelve hours, at the end of which time the animal, with green-eyed dilated pupils, frothing at the mouth and raving mad, is released and turned loose. It lives from thirty to forty hours, after being liberated, but, like a dog with hydrophobia, it bites everything that it comes in contact with, and as every other wolf thus bitten becomes inoculated, the poison spreads and death follows at a rapid rate. It is cruel, perhaps, but effective.—Northwest Magazine.